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A GREAT STRIKE IMMINENT

It looks as though New York was to have the biggest strike in its history. Starting with the railway tie-up, and the refusal of the railway managers to arbitrate, which the men offered to do, the other unions have been called on and may join the railway strikers. The condition is really a serious one as the number involved runs well up toward a million if all the unions go out in sympathy.

The principal difference between the managers and men is the refusal of the former to recognize the carmen's union, and the strike of the others, if called, will be to compel the roads to recognize this union and deal with it as such.

At a meeting Sunday night some 75,000 union men being represented a resolution was adopted calling on all unionized workers in New York, Yonkers, Mount Vernon, White Plains and New Rochelle to sanction a strike "in support of the contention of the street railway men of their right to organize."

The resolution also recommended that the workers of the various trades lay down their tools until the employers recognize the carmen's union.

Before a sympathetic strike can be ordered however, it was explained by the union leaders, it will be necessary to call a mass meeting in their respective unions and put the proposition to strike to a vote. This call has already been made and it will be but a short time until the result is known. Samuel Gompers and the heads of the Central Federated Unions in New York were in conference with the heads of the carmen organization and the undivided support moral and financial of all trades unions in New York was pledged them. This shows how serious the matter has become and if the strike is called how business will be paralyzed. However the railway magnates seem determined to force the strike to a head, and labor leaders see in their acts the hand of the railroads of the country who, it seems, are determined to have war with Labor and crush it if they can. It seems probable they will succeed in having the war and that the strike will be called.

Portland will lay the corner stone of its big auditorium next Thursday and has planned a great celebration for the occasion. Among the features is a parade with the Third Oregon participating, and there will also be a welcome home to the boys at the same time. The welcoming of the Third Regiment boys will include free theaters and many other nice things including any thing anyone can think of to make the occasion a memorable one for the Third. This feature gives it a statet wide character and will cause many from the outside districts to visit the city on the day, as the whole state is desirous of expressing its appreciation of the Oregon boys' quick response to the call of their country. The affair begins at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon giving all the valley a chance to get there at the opening, and it will be there.

Now it is Johnny Bull's turn to have a labor strike, as the railway men have decided to strike September 17 unless their pay is raised or the price of food lowered. Not only are they striking for increase of wages but are demanding that this increase begin on July first of this year. The leader of the union says the men are willing to work at the old wage if the government will see that the price of provisions is reduced to practically what it was before the war. The strike so far is confined to Wales, but if the demands of the men are not granted it is said it will become general. It never rains but it pours" is an axiom England is well acquainted with.

The New York railway managers ridiculed the strike at first saying they had the situation well in hand and that service would not be hampered appreciably; yet with the strike only four days old the police report traffic as almost suspended on the surface lines. And the trouble has only fairly begun.

Gifford Pinchot comes out for Hughes, this should help some in carrying Oregon for Wilson.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Rev. Thomas Jenkins, an Episcopalian minister of Portland, in a sermon Sunday, startled his congregation by saying that "any church that clings to ancient customs is destined to disappear." He called attention to the fact that the scriptures give two versions of the ten commandments which differ widely in the provisos that had been attached to them and that these provisos dealt with a mode of life that has nothing in common with the modern for the most part and are merely cumbersome relics of another age. He will find many to disagree with him on the ideas of revision. They recognize the things that the Rev. Mr. Jenkins calls attention to, but they hesitate about making changes. They say, and with much foundation for the idea that if changes are made how much change can be permitted and where will the changes stop? If the text of the Bible may be altered why not alter it anywhere? Why not each denomination alter it as it sees fit? True, the Bible has been revised but there are many who question the right of any mere mortal to change, alter or revise in anyway. Like every other question there are those who are directly opposite in their opinions on this subject and Mr. Jenkins has started something that will cause unlimited discussion.

The latest move of the republican campaign managers is to insist that all college men get in and work for Hughes by explaining to common folks how they should vote. Perhaps college men are better citizens and more capable of advising those who have not attended college as to their duties as citizens, but we are from Missouri. The average farmer can give the general run of college men more information about politics than that class ever had or will have. The farmer reads and gets information while the college man nine times out of ten, thinks his education completed when he graduates. It is real thoughtful though in the republican managers to think of the benighted farmer and other non-college bred citizens who need to be told how to vote.

With 593 out of 635 voting precincts heard from the Maine election shows the governor has 13000 more votes than his democratic opponent—and the candidate for the senatorial short term has about the same plurality. This would indicate the state has gone republican by something less than 15,000, which is much less than the republican hoped for, and the returns are in a measure disappointing to them. The combined vote of Taft and Roosevelt in 1912 was 75,038, and that of Wilson 51,113, the total being 129,637. The vote this year is above 148,000, or 19,000 greater than in 1912. It shows strong democratic gains, and the result is far more encouraging to the democrats than to the party that carried the state.

The name of the "National American Woman's Suffrage Association" is to be shortened if the proposition before it carries, to the "National Woman Suffrage Party." This is some help and a move in the right direction but in these days of "saber cuts of Saxon speech" it is cumbersome, and as Josh Billings remarked about the fishworm, "its tail," so to speak, "is too long for its body." Get down to business ladies and let it go at "Suffs."

International Paper stock reached a record price in the New York stock market Friday, jumping nearly four points, and a total of seven points during the week. This is pretty good evidence that the paper companies are making most unusual profits and speculators want to get in on a division of the plunder.

If the Bulgarians, Germans and Austrians have as hard a time getting the bear loose as those men down about Eureka are having they have a hopeless job. However they do not have to wait for the moon to be right to work at it. The moon is always right for war.

The destruction of hops by fire does not mean the loss of as much money as it would if the price was higher, which is consoling to the loser. Another fact is that their destruction does not interfere with the Oregon breweries as much as it would have done a year ago.



CAMPAIGN WHISKERS



Charles Fairbanks is a man of sense, whose discourse gives delight. I leaned against his cow-lot fence, and talked with him all night. I said, "I wish you would discuss the issues of the day," and, with no sign of futile fuss, he spoke a while this way: "I voice my views at your behest—my words come from my heart; I think chin whiskers are the best, viewed as a work of art. It is a whiskery campaign that now pervades the land; and whiskers fancy, whiskers plain, are seen on every hand. So far as whiskers are concerned, each man must dree his weird, and some men say they would be derved before they'd wear a beard; and some men wear a bunch of hay, to every zephyr flung, and there the orioles, in May, build nests and rear their young. I do not favor drastic laws to govern whiskeriness; let men still grow upon their jaws and chins their patch of greens. If laws were passed our beards to kill, we'd surely take it hard; let whiskers flourish as they will—but sideboards should be barred."

Governor Appoints These As Delegates

At a request of the international farm congress, Governor Withycombe has today appointed the following men to act as delegates from Oregon, to attend the eleventh annual meeting of the international farm congress to be held at El Paso, Texas, October 17 to 20, 1910:

W. L. Boise, Portland.
Wm. H. Colvig, Portland.
Wm. Constantine, Portland.
Wm. H. Daughtrey, Portland.
Jesse Edwards, Newberg.
Wm. Hanley, Burns.
A. H. Lea, Salem.
Mark A. Mayer, Portland.
O. M. Plummer, Portland.
C. S. Hudson, Bend.
J. H. Fish, The Dalles.
Fred N. Wallace, Tualuma.
Gay LaFollette, Prineville.
W. J. Furnish, Portland.
Wesley O. Smith, Klamath Falls.
John H. Lewis, Salem.
Dr. H. W. Coe, Portland.
H. C. Levens, Burns.
W. J. Towndley, Union.
J. E. Blanchard, Prineville.
O. Laurgard, Portland.
Vernon A. Forbes, Bend.
J. N. Williamson, Prineville.
R. N. Stanfield, Standfield.
F. S. Stanley, Portland.
J. T. Hinkle, Hermiston.

THE TATTLER

Hop pickers were feeling more cheerful last night.

Every fire is considered "mysterious" by somebody.

There's nothing deadlier about the meetings of the state emergency board.

You may have observed that the most of the kicking about high taxes is done by people who have the most money to pay 'em with.

Everybody says business is showing signs of improvement.

Speaking of signs, a town rounder whose attention was called to a "no credit" notice said he didn't believe in 'em.

There are individuals who in attempting to whistle an old familiar air produce an entirely new tune. This tip is given freely to the aspiring song writer.

Aspiring candidates are beginning to ask their friends if they've heard anything.

County Clerk Boyer is somewhat of a linguist. He carried on an animated conversation with four deaf mutes yesterday all at one time.

Excellent shows are reported at all the theatres.

A town grocer suggests a dimmer ordinance for some of the girls' gowns.

Bowlers are beginning to get the kinks out of their backs.

The Sells-Floto show is dated in at Portland, and some Salem kids, with one eye on the first day of school, are wondering what's going to happen.

At least two-thirds of the population has the coming state fair in mind.

A bunch of gas and a little old Ford Give some folks reason for thanking the Lord.

Even the blind may know when the fruit preserving season is on, because the stove handle is sticky.

Willamette valley folks don't talk weather a great deal. When the weather's good there are no words to describe it adequately, and when it's bad—it's worse.

All things are possible, except, perhaps to make a lion of a man who has already made an ass of himself.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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CLIFFORD AS A CONNOISSEUR OF FASHIONS

CHAPTER XIX.
Now that I had accepted Mrs. Franklyn's invitation, I commenced to feel frightened. I had taken the first step in asserting myself—my right to live as other young people lived. Then I wondered what I should do if Clifford changed his mind, and should not wish me to go, even after what he had said?
I determined to go anyway. And if he were cross—why, the story in the magazine said that "the woman always had to pay." If necessary, I would pay.
Woman's Eternal Interest.
After hanging up the receiver, I at once looked over my wardrobe. I had been ill so long; had been out in society so little, that I feared I should have nothing quite suitable for the dinner. But I found a white crepe dress I had bought in Paris, and had worn but two or three times, quite in style for Glendale. It had been an extreme style when I bought it, but was very becoming. I should need new gloves, slippers, and some other things; so I immediately dressed for the street. I called Mandy and told her to bring the baby and we would do the marketing first; then I would go to the stores.
"That's right, honey! Go buy some thin, yo' ain't had no pritty things in a long time."
"I'm going to a dinner party, Ma."

dy! A real party!" I couldn't help being happy over the prospect, and I must tell some one.
"That's right, honey! that's right!" I kept busy all day—so busy I did not have time to think very much about Clifford's refusal to go; and no time at all to grieve over it.
"Well, what have you been doing all day?" he asked when he came in. "Looking down at me critically."
"Laying down!" I repeated. "I should say not! I've been as busy as a bee all day. I told Mrs. Grakelynn I would dine with them when she insisted upon coming after I told her you had an engagement. And as I have been nowhere in so long, I had to attend to my clothes."
"Oh, I see!"
"I went down town and did some errands. I bought some new gloves and slippers and things. And oh, Clifford, I nearly forgot. I had to charge them, I didn't have enough money to get what I needed."
"Charge them! Who told you you could charge things to me? You're getting mighty independent. Don't you ever do such a thing again without asking my permission!" His voice was harsh and angry.
"Petty Tyranny."
I had risen to get my purchases to show him, but at his angry tone and

tive, he was displeased. Yet had I asked him to sit down again. My pleasure in the dainty trifles was completely spoiled. Clifford was neither poor nor ungenerous; but he wanted to be consulted about everything that was done. Because I had acted on my own initiative him to go with me, he would have refused. I sighed as I thought how impossible it was to please him.
"What do you intend to wear to this grand affair to which you are going without your husband?" he asked after a few minutes.
"That white crepe you bought me in Paris."
"Go put it on! Why didn't you consult me? I don't propose to have my wife going out looking like a frump. If it is out of style, you can stay at home."
"Oh, it's all right for Glendale!" I exclaimed. I was frightened lest he might forbid me to go. "Don't you remember how advanced it was—extreme, almost?"
"Well, don't stand talking! Go put it on. I'm the best judge as to whether it is all right for you to wear."
I had been pleased as a child that he had wanted to see me in the dress; but now I was chilled and frightened. Suppose he made it an excuse to forbid me to go!

(Tomorrow—Anticipation.)